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The Tide is Coming In

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The Tide is Coming In *Rachel Burns*

City lights have dimmed the night—I think that it's a sin,
but still we've come to gaze at stars.
The tide is coming in.

Your eyes are closed in meditation or maybe in a dream,
while I watch the frozen astral dance that spans the ballroom sea.
City lights have dimmed the night—I think that it's a sin.

Orion stands, arrested, and Cepheus waits, enthroned;
the animals halt their gamboling.
The tide is coming in.

I pretend the waves are whispering what's playing in my head:
I love you, I love you, I love you—
City lights have dimmed the night—I think that it's a sin.

They watch and wait, those paling forms above, so
to bring you back to me, I say,
“The tide is coming in.”

Out of the darkness, your touch meets my hand,
a St. Elmo's brilliance that makes the stars look dead.
City lights have dimmed the night—I think that it's a sin.
The tide is coming in.